

Jump
at the Sun

Fairy-tale Classics

Little Red Riding Hood



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SPECIAL EDITION



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Little Red Riding Hood



Illustrated by John Kurtz

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New York

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For my wife Sandrina, I love you. —J.K.

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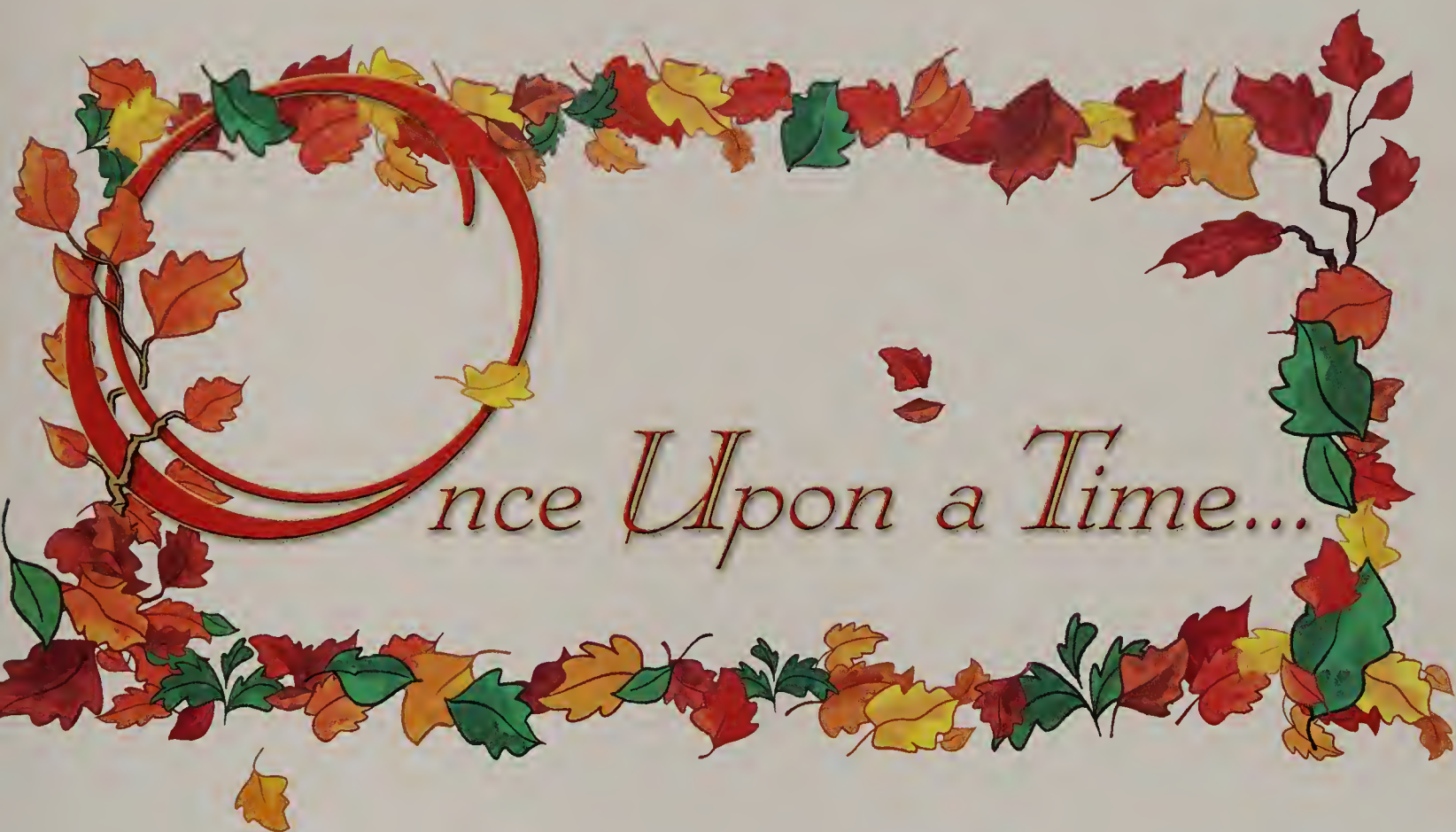
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nce Upon a Time...





. . . there was a young girl whose cheeks were as red as candied apples. Her grandmother sewed her a bright red cape, so her mother could keep track of her even from far away. Wherever she went, people called out, "There goes the girl in the little red riding cape." Before long, everyone called her Little Red Riding Hood.

But Little Red Riding Hood didn't like her red cape, and sometimes she hid it inside when she went out to play.

Her favorite thing to do was to visit her grandmother. On the way, she loved to smell the tulips. She loved to play with the butterflies. She loved to listen to birds. She loved to watch the bees.





But when she got home, her mother scolded her:
“Always wear your red cape, Red Riding Hood. It will
help protect you.”

One day Red Riding Hood's mother gave her a basket filled with goodies to take to her grandmother, who had a tummy ache. "Bring these to Grandma, and do not stop along the way," she said. "The forest can be fun, but danger lurks in there as well."



Little Red Riding Hood marched
along through the forest.



She did not stop on the
way to smell the tulips.



She did not stop to play
with the butterflies.



She did not stop
to listen to birds.

She did not stop to watch the bees.

"Stop, Little Red Riding Hood!" said a voice from behind a tall fern. Red Riding Hood was frightened by the voice.

"I cannot stop," she said, and she didn't.

"Where are you going?" A wolf trotted close behind her.



"I am going to my grandma's house. I'm bringing her treats that will make her feel better."

"I will help you carry them," said the wolf.

"No," said Red Riding Hood, "and I think I'd better not talk to you any longer!"



With that, Red Riding Hood left the wolf behind. But this was no ordinary wolf, you see. He was quite clever. He raced ahead to Grandma's house. He knew the way, for he had once tried to blow the house in.





The wolf approached the door.

Knock! Knock!

“Who is it?” replied Grandma, wrapped tightly in her bedclothes.

“It is I, your granddaughter, Little Red Riding Hood,” replied the wolf in his highest, squeakiest, little-girl voice.

Well, Grandma knew that this was no little girl's voice. She slammed the front door and ran out the back door. She was in great danger.





The wolf turned the doorknob and leaped inside. Since Grandma had escaped, the wolf lay in wait for Red Riding Hood. He disguised himself in Grandma's clothes and crawled into bed.

Very soon there was a knock at the door.

Knock! Knock!

“Who is it?” asked the wolf, in his best scratchy, shaky, old-lady voice.

“It is I, your granddaughter, Little Red Riding Hood.”

“Oh, do come in,” said the grandmother-in-disguise.



Slowly Little Red Riding Hood walked inside. She could barely see, but she knew something was not right.

“Come closer, dear,” said the wolf. “What do you have in that basket for me?”



Red Riding Hood inched her way to the wolf's side, squinting to get a better look at him. "Oh, Grandma. What big eyes you have!" she said, startled.

"That way, I can see you better, my pretty," the wolf snorted.



Red Riding Hood took another step closer. "Oh, my, Grandma. What big *ears* you have!"

"That way, I can *hear* you better, my pretty," the wolf choked.



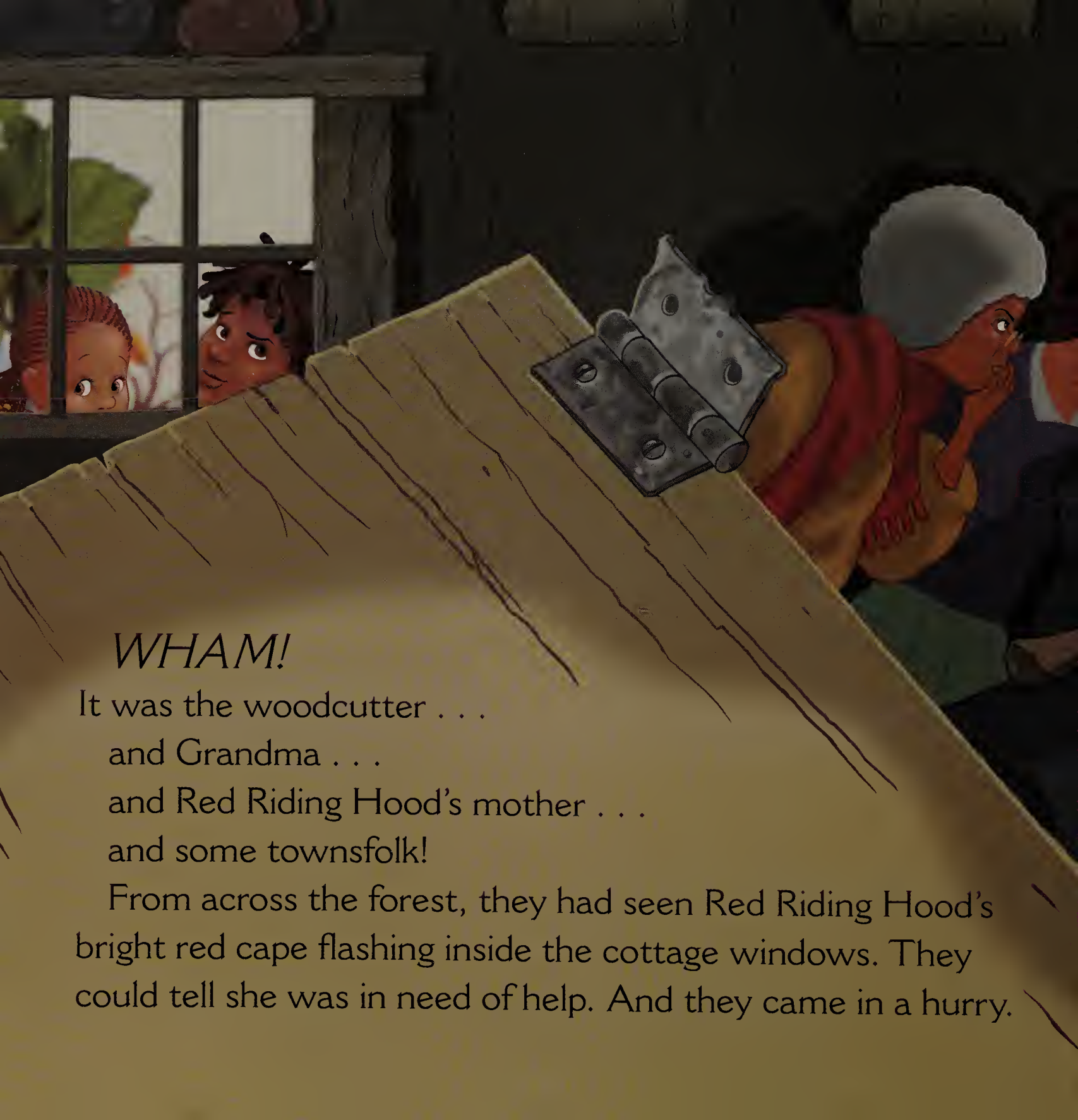


Red Riding Hood was very scared. She took one more teensy step forward. "Oh, goodness, Grandma!" she cried. "What big *TEETH* you have."

“That way, I can *EAT* you better!” howled the wolf, who leaped out of bed and chased Red Riding Hood through the house.

Just then, there was a knock at the door.





WHAM!

It was the woodcutter . . .
and Grandma . . .
and Red Riding Hood's mother . . .
and some townsfolk!

From across the forest, they had seen Red Riding Hood's bright red cape flashing inside the cottage windows. They could tell she was in need of help. And they came in a hurry.

Well, the wolf knew he was outnumbered,
so he scampered out the back door and off
into the woods, never to be heard from again.





And Little Red Riding Hood lived happily and safely from then on. And she wore her little red cape everywhere she went.

It's Story Time!

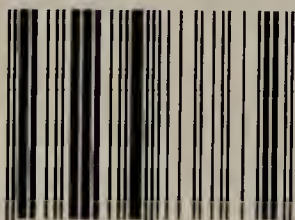
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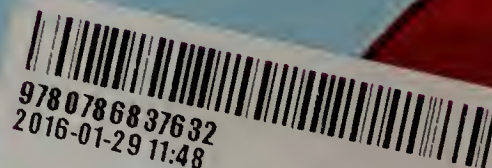
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